

T-MAN

MARCH No 4

10¢

A QUALITY
COMIC
PUBLICATION

EXTRA!
IN THIS ISSUE—
**The WAXEY
GORDON
CASE!**

WORLD WIDE CRIME-BUSTER

"FROM POLAND TO PANAMA THE TRAIL OF
INTRIGUE FINALLY LED ME INTO A
HORNET'S NEST FULL OF SABOTEURS..."

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THE PANAMA PERIL!





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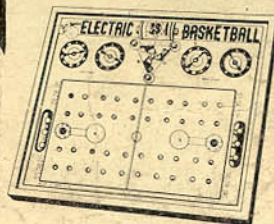
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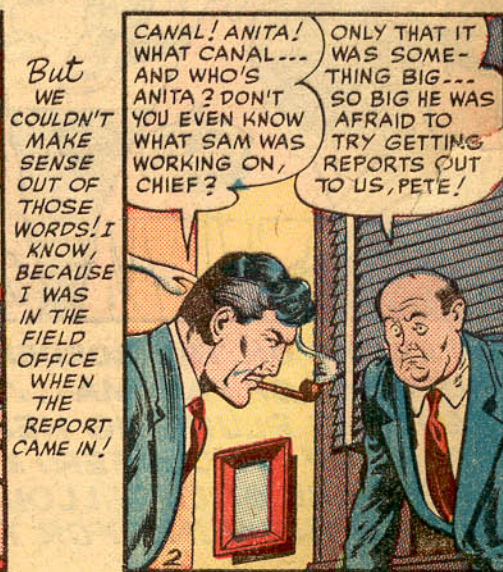
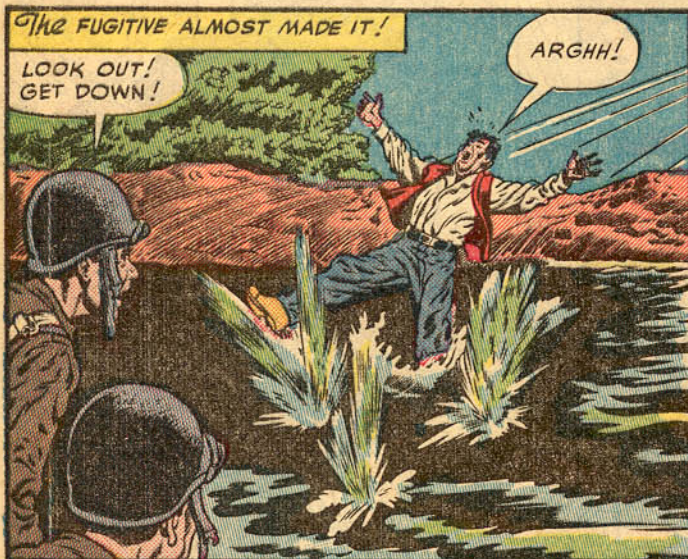
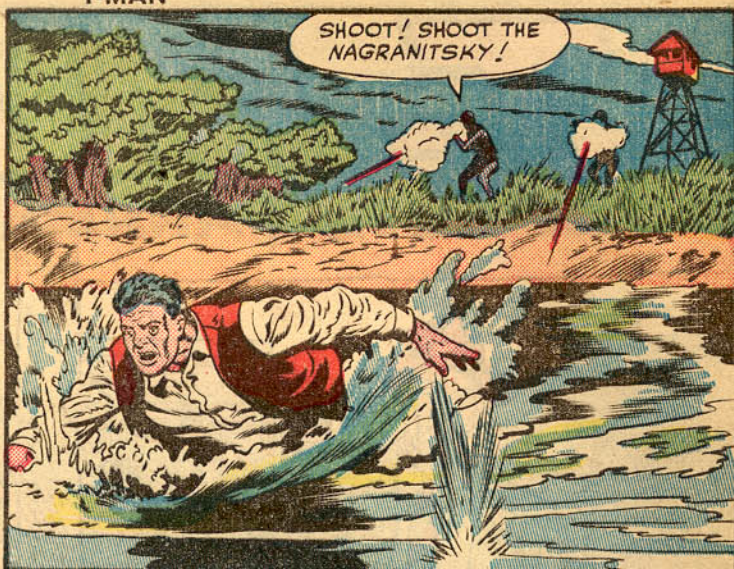
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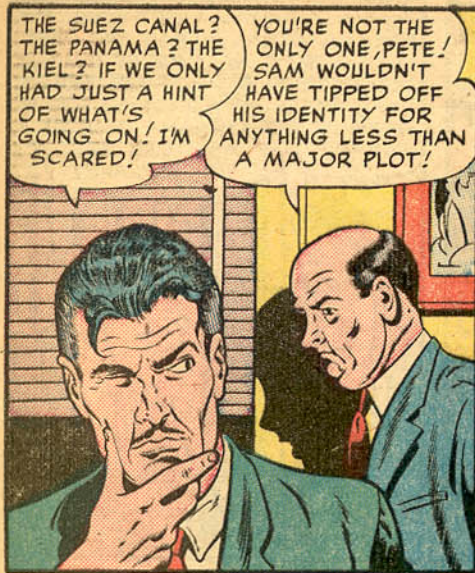
T-MAN

And the "PANAMA PERIL!"



A KILLING ON THE BORDER OF RED POLAND AND A FOG OFF THE COAST OF PANAMA...THOSE WERE THE INGREDIENTS THAT SENT ME PLUNGING HEAD FIRST INTO ONE OF THE TOUGHEST CASES OF MY CAREER! I'VE BEEN SCARED BEFORE..BUT MY KNEES ARE STILL CALLOUSED FROM KNOCKING TOGETHER DURING THE HUNT FOR THE---"**PANAMA PERIL!**"





THE SUEZ CANAL? THE PANAMA? THE KIEL? IF WE ONLY HAD JUST A HINT OF WHAT'S GOING ON! I'M SCARED!

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE, PETE! SAM WOULDN'T HAVE TIPPED OFF HIS IDENTITY FOR ANYTHING LESS THAN A MAJOR PLOT!

I FINALLY WENT TO MY HOTEL BUT I COULDN'T SLEEP! THE SENSE OF IMPENDING DOOM WAS LIKE A DEAD WEIGHT ON MY BACK!

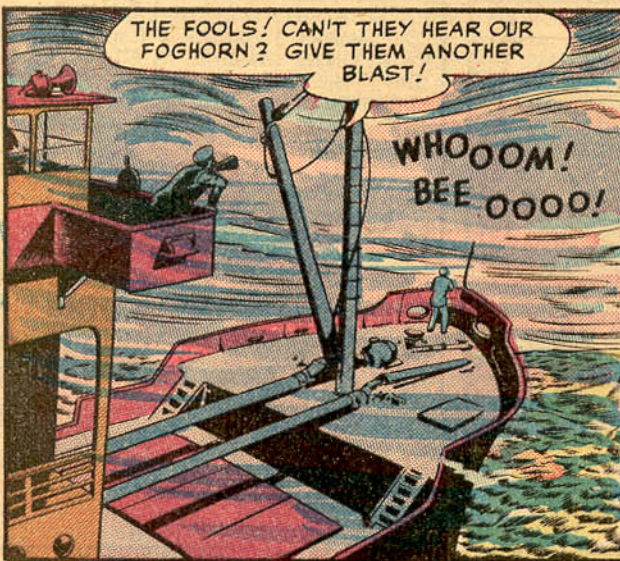


THE REDS ARE UP TO SOMETHING! WE KNOW THEY'VE GOT BOMBERS AND JETS POISED IN SIBERIA AND AROUND MURMANSK --- BUT WHAT FOR?



THEY WOULDN'T HAVE THE GUTS TO LAUNCH A SNEAK ATTACK ON THE UNITED STATES... OR WOULD THEY?

I COULDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT A DENSE FOG OFF THE COAST OF PANAMA WAS GETTING READY TO GIVE ME MY ANSWER! ABOARD THE U.S. FREIGHTER, JAMES WHITLEY, BARAN-QUILLA TO NEW YORK!



THE FOOLS! CAN'T THEY HEAR OUR FOGHORN? GIVE THEM ANOTHER BLAST!

WHOOOM!
BEE OOOO!

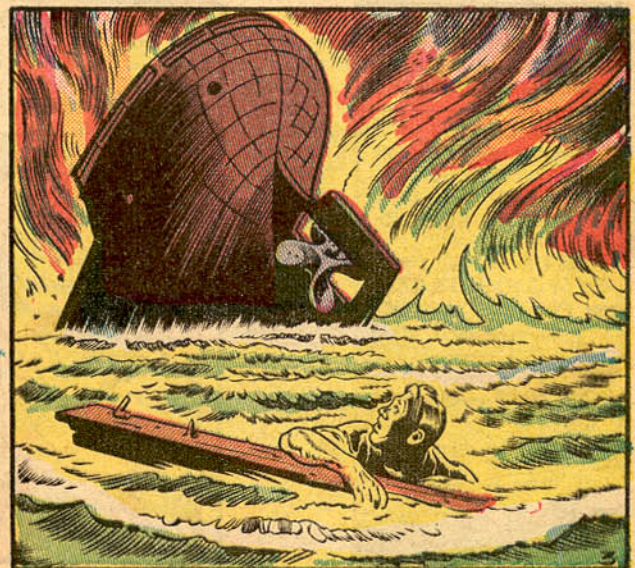


OUSHT!

SHEAR OFF!
SHEAR OFF!



IT WAS TOO LATE! THE STEEL BOW OF THE STRANGER STRUCK THE JAMES WHITLEY AND THEN --- INFERNO!



THE NEXT MORNING I WAS IN OUR BERLIN FIELD OFFICE---

FOR GOSH SAKES, STOP PACING, PETE! YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL WE GET A LEAD! I'VE ALERTED ALL OUR AGENTS!

FLASH! A U.S. COAST GUARD PATROL HAS JUST REPORTED A MYSTERIOUS COLLISION AND EXPLOSION OFF THE PANAMA CANAL!



A SURVIVOR, PICKED UP AT DAWN, REPORTS THAT THE JAMES WHITLEY WAS RAMMED LAST NIGHT BY THE FREIGHTER ANITA---

ANITA?



THAT'S IT! ANITA-- PANAMA CANAL! IT TIES UP! SAM DISCOVERED A PLOT TO BLOW UP THE CANAL!

GET YOUR BAG AND MEET ME AT TEMPEL-HOF AIRDROME! YOU FLYING TO PANAMA AS FAST AS I CAN GET YOU A PLANE!



BY THE TIME I GOT TO THE AIRFIELD, WE HAD MORE DETAILS!

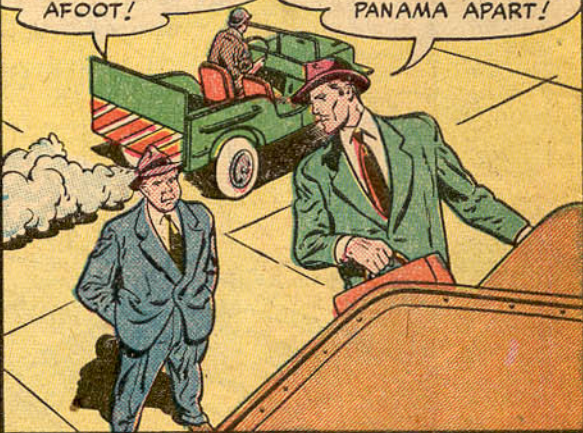
THE ANITA WAS TO BE BLOWN UP IN THE CANAL, WE'RE POSITIVE! IF SHE HADN'T COLLIDED IN THE FOG, IT WOULD BE HAPPENING NOW!

I'LL INTERVIEW THAT SURVIVOR AT THE HOSPITAL IN COLON, CHIEF, AND START WORKING FROM THERE! IT ISN'T OVER YET!



YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY'RE TOO SMART TO HANG EVERYTHING ON ONE SHIP! THEY'LL HAVE A SUBSTITUTE PLOT AFOOT!

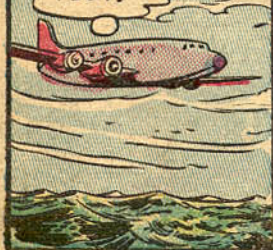
PROBABLY ANOTHER EXPLOSIVE SHIP STANDING BY TO FINISH THE JOB! I'LL FIND OUT IF I HAVE TO TEAR PANAMA APART!



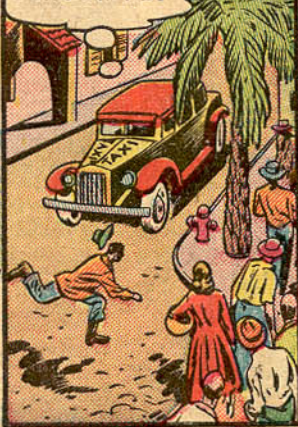
I'LL TELL YOU, I SWEAT PLENTY THINKING ABOUT THE DEAL ON THE WAY ACROSS THE OCEAN!

IF THEY CUT THE PANAMA CANAL, OUR NAVY WOULD BE SPLIT AND WE'D BE SITTING DUCKS FOR ANOTHER PEARL HARBOR STAB! I'VE GOT TO EXPOSE THAT PLOT!

at COLON I TOOK A CAB STRAIGHT TO THE NAVAL HOSPITAL WHERE MACHINISTS MATE TAYLOR, SURVIVOR OF THE BLAST, WAS RECOVERING!



LOOK AT THE MOBS! AND OUT OF THEM, I'VE GOT TO PICK THE RATS BEHIND THIS DEAL! I KNOW THEY'RE HERE SOMEWHERE!



TAYLOR WAS SUFFERING FROM BURNS, SHOCK AND EXPOSURE --- BUT HE WAS GAME!

I'M POSITIVE, SIR! THE BLAST CAME THE INSTANT HER BOW HIT US --- AND IT WAS CENTERED IN THE BOW! THE STERN WAS UNDAMAGED!

THANKS, FELLOW! THAT MEANS THEY HAD AN IMPACT FUSE OF SOME KIND TO SET IT OFF WHEN THEY BUMPED A CANAL LOCK!



RILEY,
OUR
COLON
FIELD
OFFICE
CHIEF,
TURNED
GREEN
WHEN I
BRIEFED HIM
ON WHAT
WE
KNEW
OR
GUESSED!

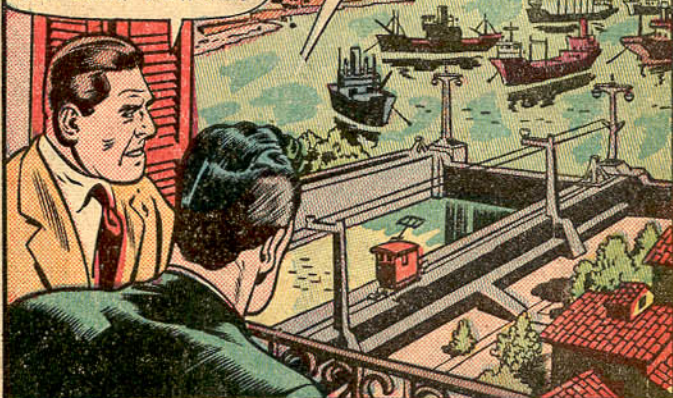
MY BET IS THE
HANGING ANCHOR
WAS EITHER A
TRIGGER OR THE
ACTUAL BOMB
ITSELF! AND I'LL
BET MY LIFE THEY
HAVE ANOTHER
SHIP WAITING!

BUT THEY'D
FAKE REGISTRY!
WE CAN'T STOP
AND SEARCH
EVERY SHIP,
PETE! COME
OUT ON THE
BALCONY A
MINUTE!



SEE WHAT WE'RE UP
AGAINST? AND ONE
OF THOSE COULD
BE THE BOMB! THE
CREW COULD SIMPLY
START THE ENGINES
AND JUMP ASHORE!

AND THEN ... BLOOEY! UNLESS
OL' PETE TRASK DOES SOMETHING
AND DOES IT BLAMED FAST!



THEY'D HAVE
A LOCAL RED
GROUP
WAITING TO
TAKE ADVANT-
AGE OF THE
CONFUSION!
WHERE COULD
I GET WIND
OF SUCH A
MOB?

THE JACA-
RANDA
BAR ON
LOBOSITA
STREET IS
A COMMIE
HANGOUT,
PETE!
BUT BE
CAREFUL!
IT'S A TOUGH
DIVE, AND NO
FOOLING!



I GOT A ROOM AT THE GATUN GAP
HOTEL AND STARTED GETTING SET
FOR THE NEXT ACT!

WE'VE GOT ONE
BREAK! THE REDS
DON'T KNOW YET
THAT WE'RE WISE
TO THE SCHEME!
IF I PLAY MY
CARDS RIGHT...



PHEEW! IF I DON'T
PASS AS A BARFLY
IN THIS GETUP, IT
WON'T BE BECAUSE
I DON'T SMELL
THE PART!



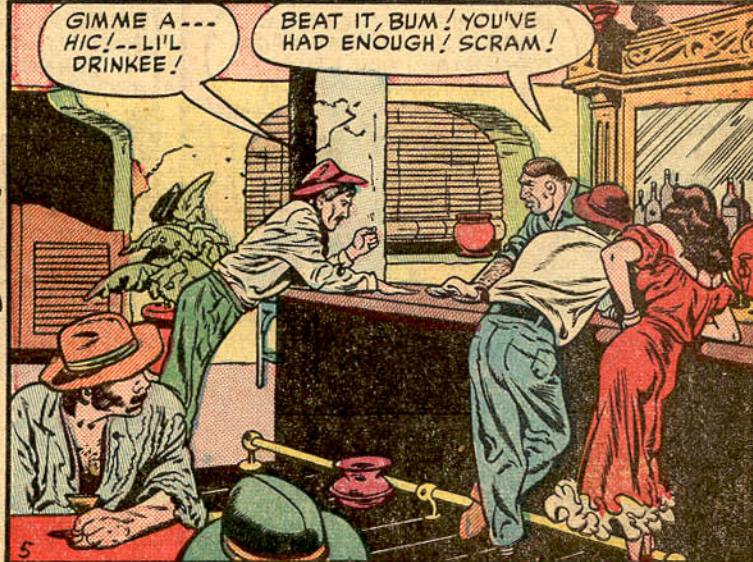
NOBODY SAW ME LEAVE
THE HOTEL! MAYBE OLD
LADY LUCK'S ON OUR
SIDE THIS TIME!

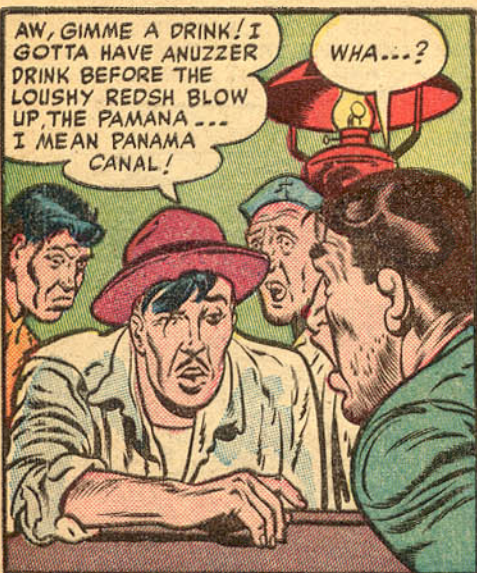


So
A FEW
MINUTES
LATER,
A VERY
PLASTERED
BUM
WAVERED
INTO
THE
JACARANDA
BAR!

GIMME A ---
HIC!... LI'L
DRINKEE!

BEAT IT, BUM! YOU'VE
HAD ENOUGH! SCRAM!





WHA...?

BROTHER,
DID I
SUDDENLY
GET
RESPECT-
FUL
ATTENTION
FROM
THAT
BUNCH
OF
GOONS!



AIN'T GONNA TELL UNLESS I
GET A DRINK! I KNOW ALL
'BOUT IT, SHEE! I KNOW
'BOUT THE ANITA AN'---
AN TH'OTHER SHIP! HEE-
HEE!



J-JUST AS YOU
SAY, SENOR
VALUSA! I WAS
ABOUT TO S-SERVE
HIM!



'AT'SH MORE
LIKE IT, OL'
BUDDY!
'AT'SH A
WAY TO
TREAT CUSH-
TOMERSH
WHO KNOW A
THING OR
TWO!



AW, I GET
AROUND!
IT'SH A
SECRET AND
I MUSHN'T
TELL! JUSH
WANNA LI'L
DRINK BEFORE
CANAL BLOWSH
UP! BANG! LIKE
THAT!



QUICK! HELP ME GET HIM
UPSTAIRS! AND SEND FOR
GRISENKA! SHE'LL MAKE
HIM TELL WHERE THE
LEAK IS!

CERVESAS



IT WILL BE UNLUCKY FOR
WHOEVER LET HIM GET
THAT INFORMATION! HE WILL
TELL US --- ONE WAY
OR ANOTHER!

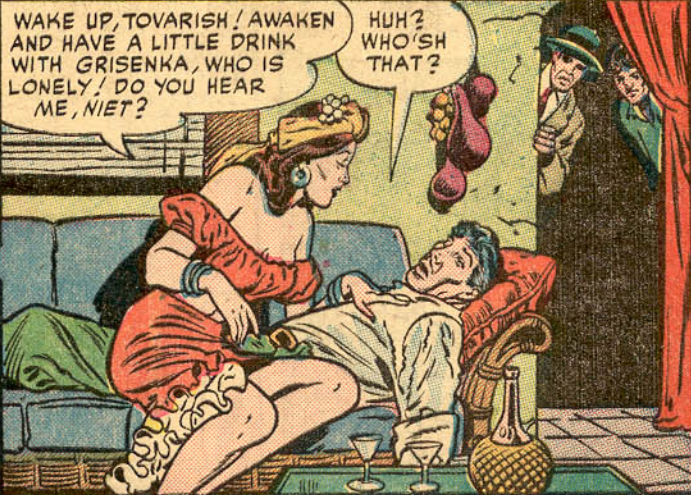
I'D GAMBLED THAT MY DRUNK ACT WOULD STAMPEDE SOMEBODY INTO MAKING A BREAK... BUT I HADN'T DARED HOPE FOR LUCK LIKE THIS!



HERE COMES GRISENKA NOW! WE'LL STAY IN THE OTHER ROOM UNTIL SHE TRIES HER CHARMS ON HIM!

IF THEY DON'T WORK, JUST LEMME HAVE HIM FOR TEN MINUTES! I GUARANTEE HE'LL BE HAPPY TO TALK!

I HAD MY EYES SHUT WHEN SHE CAME IN BUT I SMELLED PERFUME AND THEN A SOFT HAND STROKED MY FOREHEAD!



WAKE UP, TOVARISH! AWAKEN AND HAVE A LITTLE DRINK WITH GRISENKA, WHO IS LONELY! DO YOU HEAR ME, NIET?

HUH? WHO'SH THAT?



TALK TO ME, WON'T YOU? TELL ME ABOUT THE ANITA AND... AND THE OTHER SHIP!

OH, NO! I'D RATHER TALK ABOUT ROMANCE! WHO WANTS TO TALK ABOUT SHIPS WIZH A PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU?

I TRIED EVERY TRICK I KNEW TO MAKE HER NAME THE OTHER BOMB SHIP, BUT SHE WAS TOO SMART... AND THE OTHERS TOO IMPATIENT!



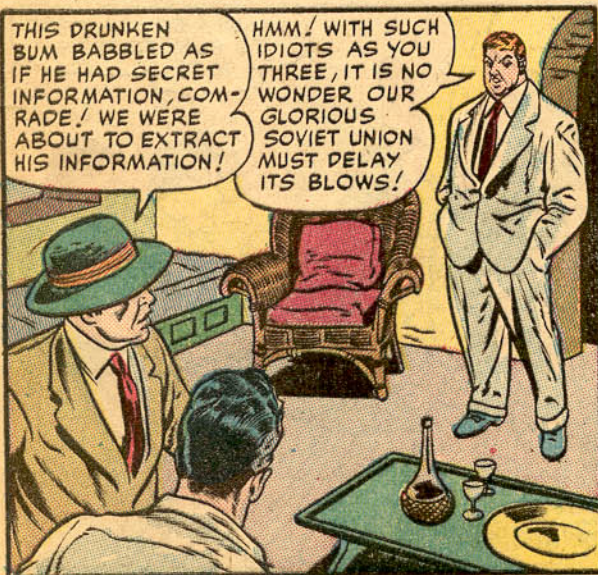
ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS! SANDOR, MAKE HIM TALK!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, GRISENKA! CAREFUL, GRISENKA, SO NO BLOOD SPATTERS OVER YOUR GOWN!



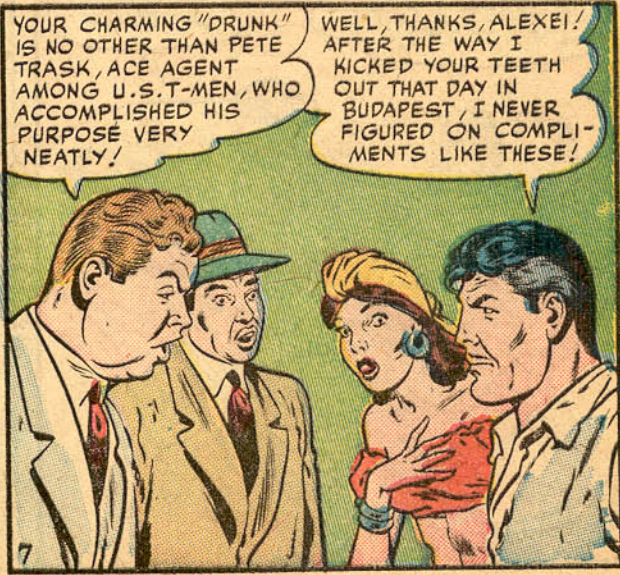
I'D HAD A LOT OF LUCK BUT SUDDENLY A STRANGE VOICE SPOKE FROM THE DOORWAY... AND I KNEW MY LUCK HAD RUN OUT!

HOLD! ULP! COMMISSAR ALEXEI! I HAD GOES ON IT NECESSARY TO BOTHER YOU WITH A MERE TRIFLE!



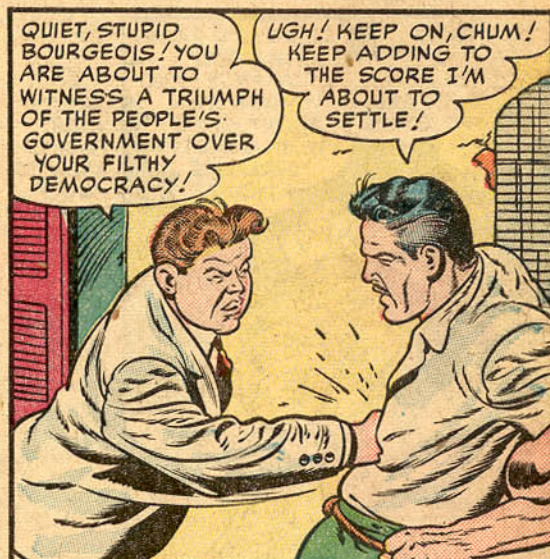
THIS DRUNKEN BUM BABBLER AS IF HE HAD SECRET INFORMATION, COMRADE! WE WERE ABOUT TO EXTRACT HIS INFORMATION!

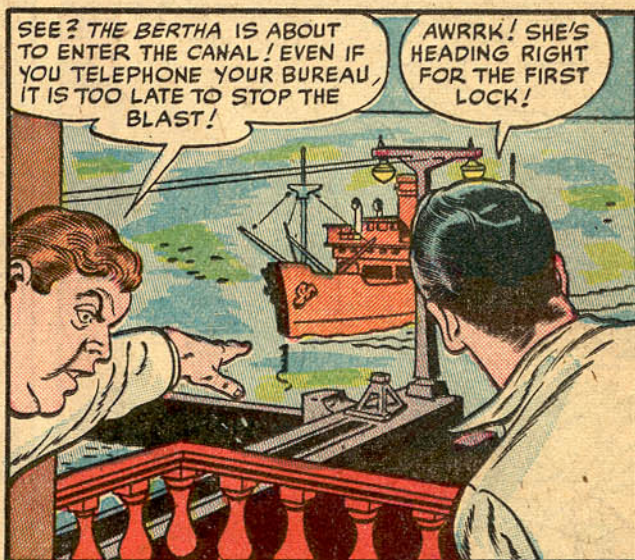
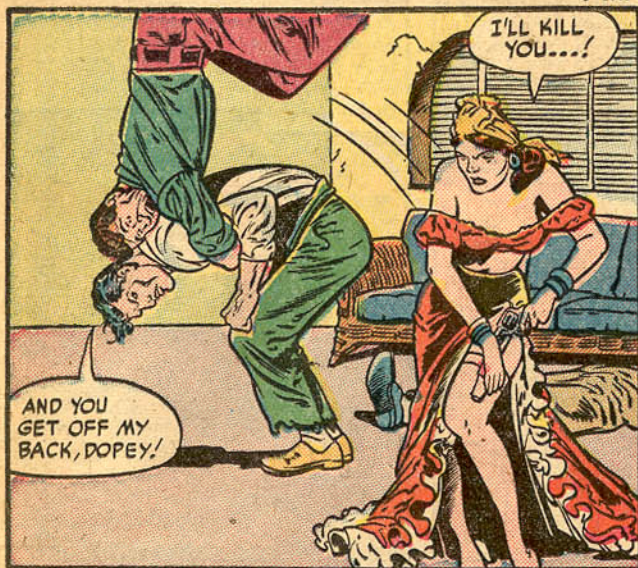
HMM! WITH SUCH IDIOTS AS YOU THREE, IT IS NO WONDER OUR GLORIOUS SOVIET UNION MUST DELAY ITS BLOWS!



YOUR CHARMING "DRUNK" IS NO OTHER THAN PETE TRASK, ACE AGENT AMONG U.S.T-MEN, WHO ACCOMPLISHED HIS PURPOSE VERY NEATLY!

WELL, THANKS, ALEXEI! AFTER THE WAY I KICKED YOUR TEETH OUT THAT DAY IN BUDAPEST, I NEVER FIGURED ON COMPLIMENTS LIKE THESE!

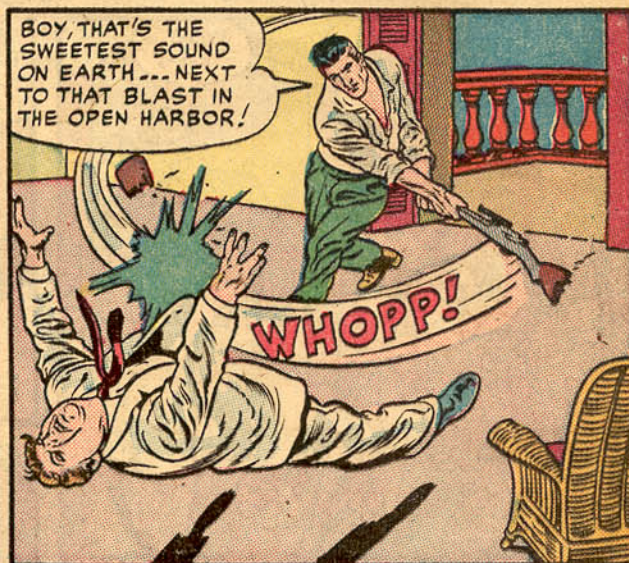
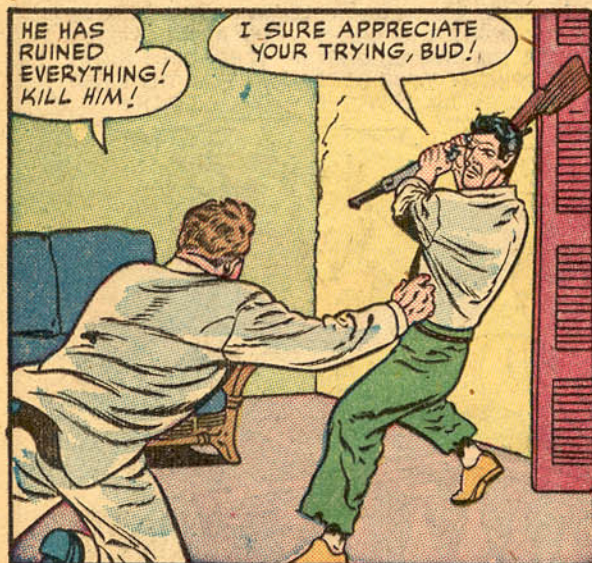
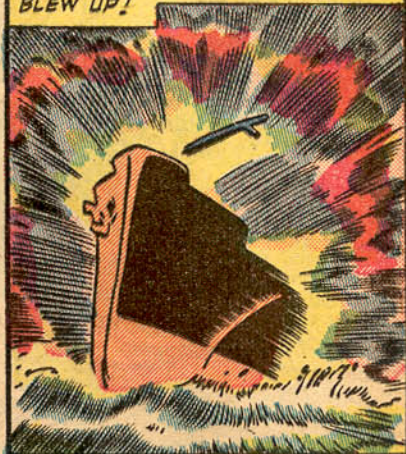




NOBODY
BREATHED
AS I
SQUEEZED
OFF THE
SHOT! I
WAS
GAMBLING
AGAINST MY
OWN
ORIGINAL
IDEA...THAT
THE REDS
WERE CUTE
ENOUGH
TO CHANGE
PLANS FOR
THE SECOND
TRY!



I WAS AIMING AT THE HANGING ANCHOR... AND WHEN I HIT IT WITH THAT SHOT, I KNEW OUR SIDE HAD WON! THE BERTHA BLEW UP!





BIGGER!



BIGGER!
And
BIGGER!

It's
BLACKHAWK!

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BRINGS YOU EVERY
MONTH THE GREATEST
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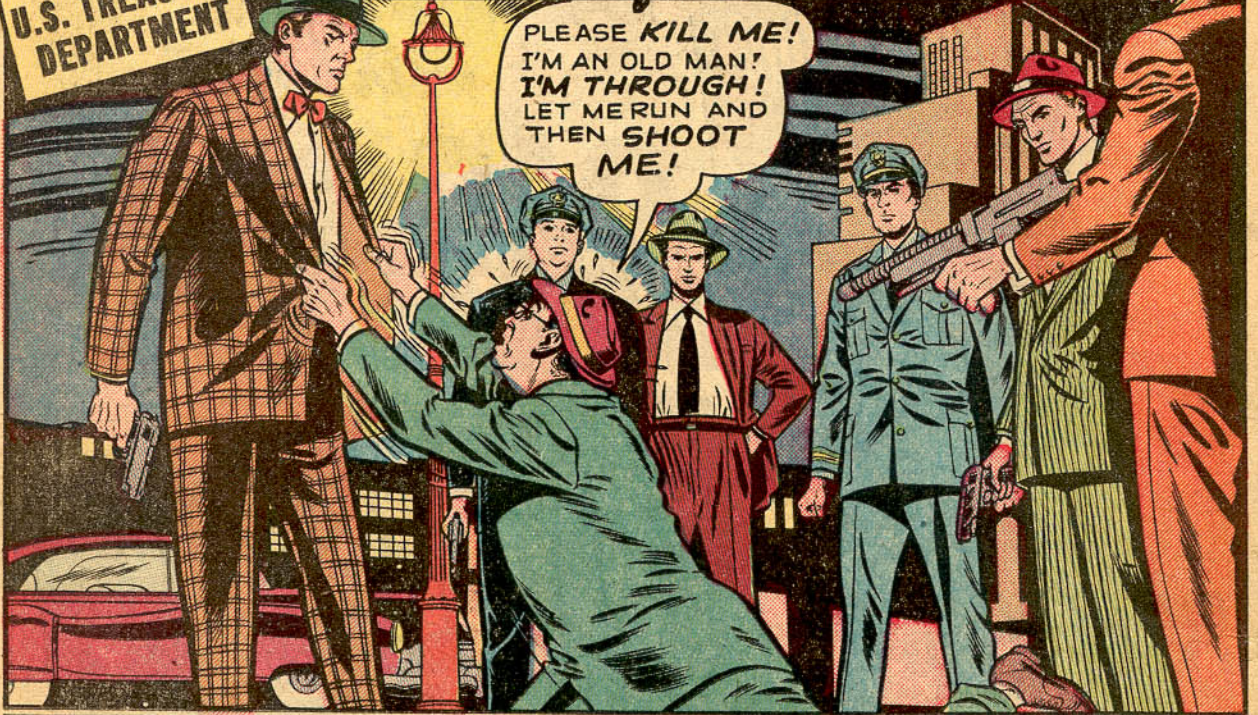


T-MAN

Waxey Gordon's

LIFE of CRIME

based on the files
of the
U.S. TREASURY
DEPARTMENT



Waxey GORDON HAS LIVED A LIFE OF CRIME, RUNNING THE GAMUT FROM PETTY PICKPOCKET TO CZAR OF THE UNDERWORLD! HE HAS BEEN A PARASITE OF SOCIETY PREYING UNMERCIFULLY ON INNOCENT MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN! YET WHEN THE TRAP SET BY T-MEN SNAPPED, THIS ONCE FEARFUL GANGSTER CRIED FOR MERCY! HE PREFERRED QUICK DEATH TO PAYING FOR HIS LIFE OF CRIME!

1905

IF IRVING WEXLER, LATER KNOWN AS WAXEY GORDON, EVER EARNED AN HONEST DOLLAR IN HIS LIFE IT IS NOT ON RECORD! AT SEVENTEEN HE WAS LIVING ON THE PROFITS OF PETTY LARCENY!



WAXEY WAS IN AND OUT OF JAIL AFTER THAT BUT WORKING CONSTANTLY TO BUILD UP HIS CRIMINAL EMPIRE! HE FORMED HIS OWN GANG AND COVERED ALL THE RACKETS INCLUDING BOOTLEGGING! T-MEN WERE CONTINUALLY ON HIS TRAIL!



GET ANY EVIDENCE ON THE GUY?

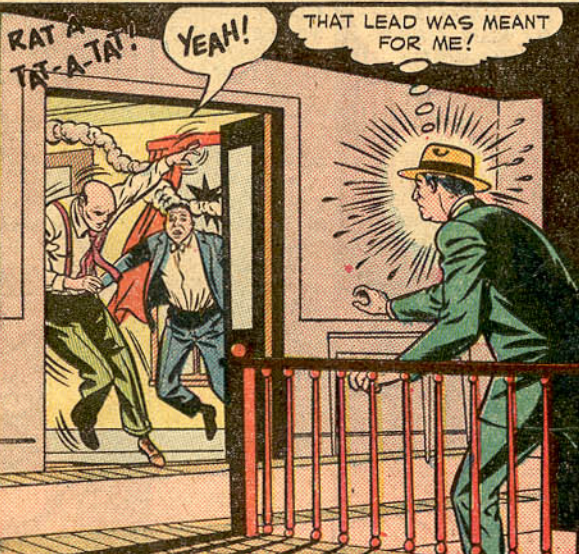
NOTHING! HE KEEPS NO RECORDS, NO BOOKS AND SAYS HE NEVER SIGNED A CHECK IN HIS LIFE!

BUT WE KNOW ABOUT HIS BREWERIES! WE EVEN KNOW HE'S GETTING FIFTY BUCKS A BARREL FOR BEER AND WHERE HE GETS HIS MALT AND WHO HIS CUSTOMERS ARE...

... AND THAT HE'S SET UP A LOT OF PHONY BANK ACCOUNTS! BUT WE CAN'T PROVE IT!



WAXEY GORDON AND DUTCH SCHULTZ BECAME THE LEADERS OF THE NEW YORK UNDERWORLD! ONE NIGHT IN AN ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY, HOTEL... THE FIRE OF A SUB-MACHINE GUN RENT THE AIR... WAS WAXEY THE TARGET?



RAT A-TAT-TAT!

YEAH!

THAT LEAD WAS MEANT FOR ME!



DOES DUTCH SCHULTZ WANT TO RUB ME OUT?

THE RIVALRY BETWEEN THE TWO ENDED SUDDENLY WHEN SCHULTZ WAS MURDERED BY PERSONS UNKNOWN!



BANG

THE TRAIL WAS HOT FOR WAXEY, THEN THE EASTERN BEER BARON! HE WAS MAKING A FORTUNE AND LISTED AS PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 BY THE F. B. I.



THE TRUCK'S LOADED AND READY TO GO!

BREWER

GOOD! NOBODY CAN PIN ANYTHING ON US IF THEY FIND THE TRUCKS LOADED WITH NEAR BEER! THAT'S LEGAL!

THE REAL BEER GOES THROUGH A PRESSURE HOSE IN THE SEWER TO A PHONY GARAGE AND WE DELIVER FROM THERE! A GUY CAN DO ANYTHING IF HE HAS THE RIGHT CONTACTS!



MAYBE WAXEY GORDON FORGOT THAT INCOME TAX EVASION IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE! HE WAS LIVING HIGH AND PAYING LITTLE! JUST BEFORE HIS INDICTMENT HE DISAPPEARED BUT TREASURY AGENTS TRACED HIM TO HIS HIDE-OUT!

COME ALONG, GORDON! WE'VE GOT SEVERAL RAPS ON YOU, INCLUDING ILLEGAL POSSESSION OF FIRE-ARMS!

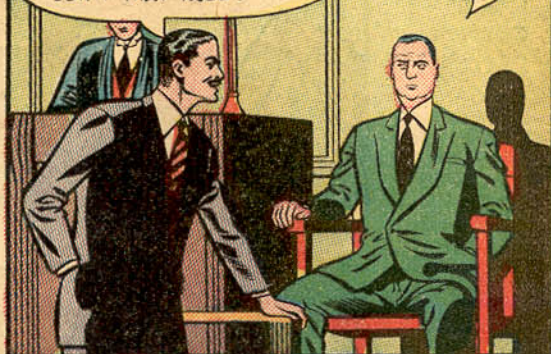
AND HIDING OUT JOE THE FLEA, HERE! A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE!



WAXEY WAS A SMART OPERATOR! BUT SO WAS A YOUNG ASSISTANT UNITED STATES ATTORNEY BY THE NAME OF THOMAS E. DEWEY!

I HAVE PROVED THAT THIS RACKETEER HAS MADE MORE THAN FOUR MILLION DOLLARS IN THE PAST TWO YEARS! ISN'T THAT TRUE?

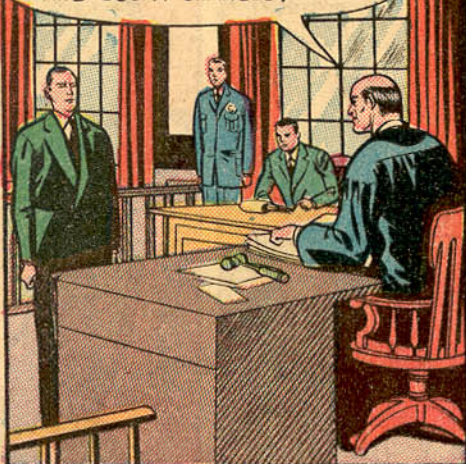
MR. DEWEY, IN OUR BUSINESS WE NEVER ASK QUESTIONS!



FOREMAN OF THE JURY, WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY ON FOUR COUNTS!

I SENTENCE YOU TO TEN YEARS IN THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY PLUS A FINE OF TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! AND COURT CHARGES!



COURT CHARGES WERE ESTIMATED AT SIXTY THOUSAND! AT LAST, AFTER LONG AND ARDUOUS WORK, THE LAW HAD CAUGHT UP WITH IRVING WEXLER ALIAS WAXEY GORDON! THE JUDGE SPOKE FLUENTLY AND ENDED THUS...

IF ANYONE EVER SAYS TO ME AGAIN THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET IN PUBLIC SERVICE THE HIGHEST QUALITY OF WORK THAT IS AVAILABLE FOR PRIVATE CLIENTS, I WILL SAY, "REFER TO THE CASE OF THE UNITED STATES AGAINST IRVING WEXLER!"



WAXEY SERVED SEVEN AND A HALF YEARS! HE LEFT FORT LEAVENWORTH PRISON OWING THE GOVERNMENT AT LEAST A MILLION DOLLARS IN BACK TAXES HAVING SIGNED A PAUPER'S OATH!

ONCE I RODE IN A PRIVATE ARMORED CAR AND WORE TEN DOLLAR UNDERWEAR! NOW I HAVE NOTHING!



BUT I'LL GET IT BACK! IF THERE'S A RACKET GOING, I'LL BE IN IT!



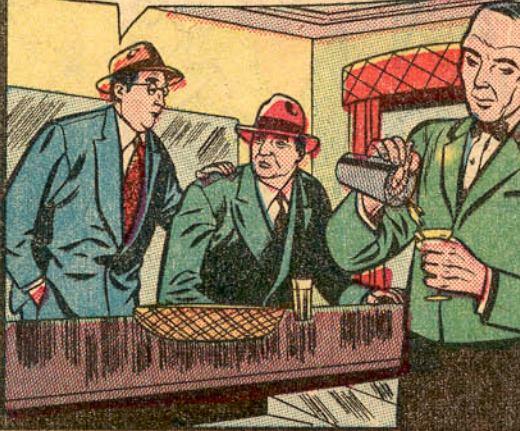
1940

1950

WAXEY CONTINUED HIS LIFE OF CRIME! PINCHED FOR VAGRANCY! A ONE YEAR SENTENCE FOR SELLING ILLEGAL SUGAR ON THE BLACK MARKET! A TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY AS WELL AS A CROOK, HE STOPPED AT NOTHING! THEN ONE DAY...



WAXEY! YOU NEED MONEY AND I NEED YOUR HELP! I GOT A GOOD SOURCE OF SUPPLY OF DOPE! GIVE YOU FIFTY PER CENT TO INTRODUCE ME TO YOUR FRIENDS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!



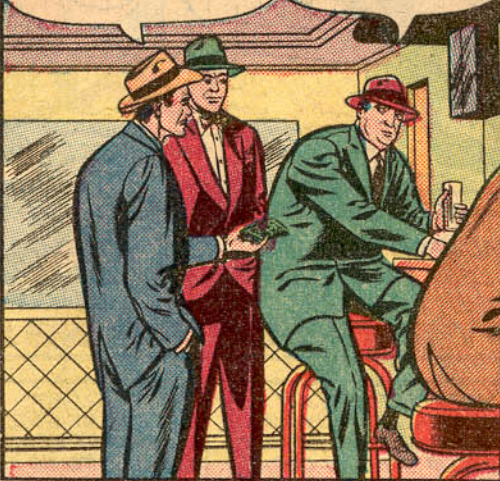
WE WON'T WORK IN NEW YORK, SEE! TOO HOT! WE'LL SHIP THE STUFF TO OTHER CITIES!



BIG-TIME AGAIN! AFTER TRAVELLING NINE THOUSAND MILES AND MAKING THE CONTACTS, HE WAS THE DOPE CZAR! BUT FEDERAL AGENTS, LED BY JAMES C. RYAN, SUPERVISOR OF THE FEDERAL NARCOTICS BUREAU HAD FOLLOWED THE DOPE RACKET AND WERE ON HIS TRAIL...

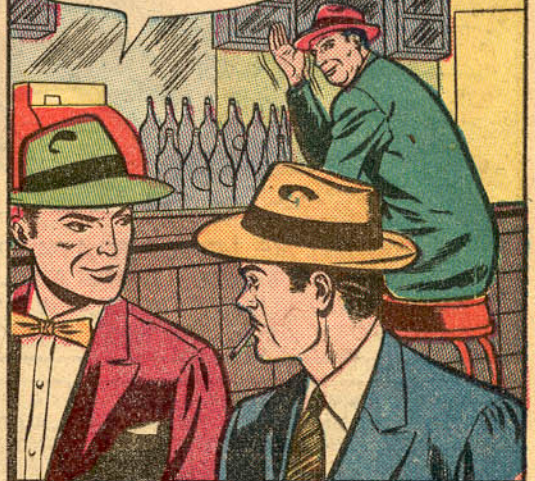
WE'LL TAKE A HALF KILO, WAXEY! HERE'S THE SIXTY-FIVE HUNDRED!

YOU'LL FIND ME HERE ANY TIME YOU WANT MORE!



WE'LL WANT MORE! THERE'S A BIG BUSINESS IN THIS!

SURE!



WAXEY HAD BAITED HIS OWN TRAP! ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 2, 1951...

I'VE GOT THE HANDCUFFS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, GORDON! I'M FROM THE NEW YORK NARCOTIC SQUAD! DETECTIVE SERGEANT CATTONE!

LET THE OLD MAN GO! HERE'S A QUARTER GRAND! I'LL HAVE TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND FOR YOU IN A FEW HOURS!

AFTER ALL THE LIVES HE'S WRECKED? ARE YOU KIDDING?

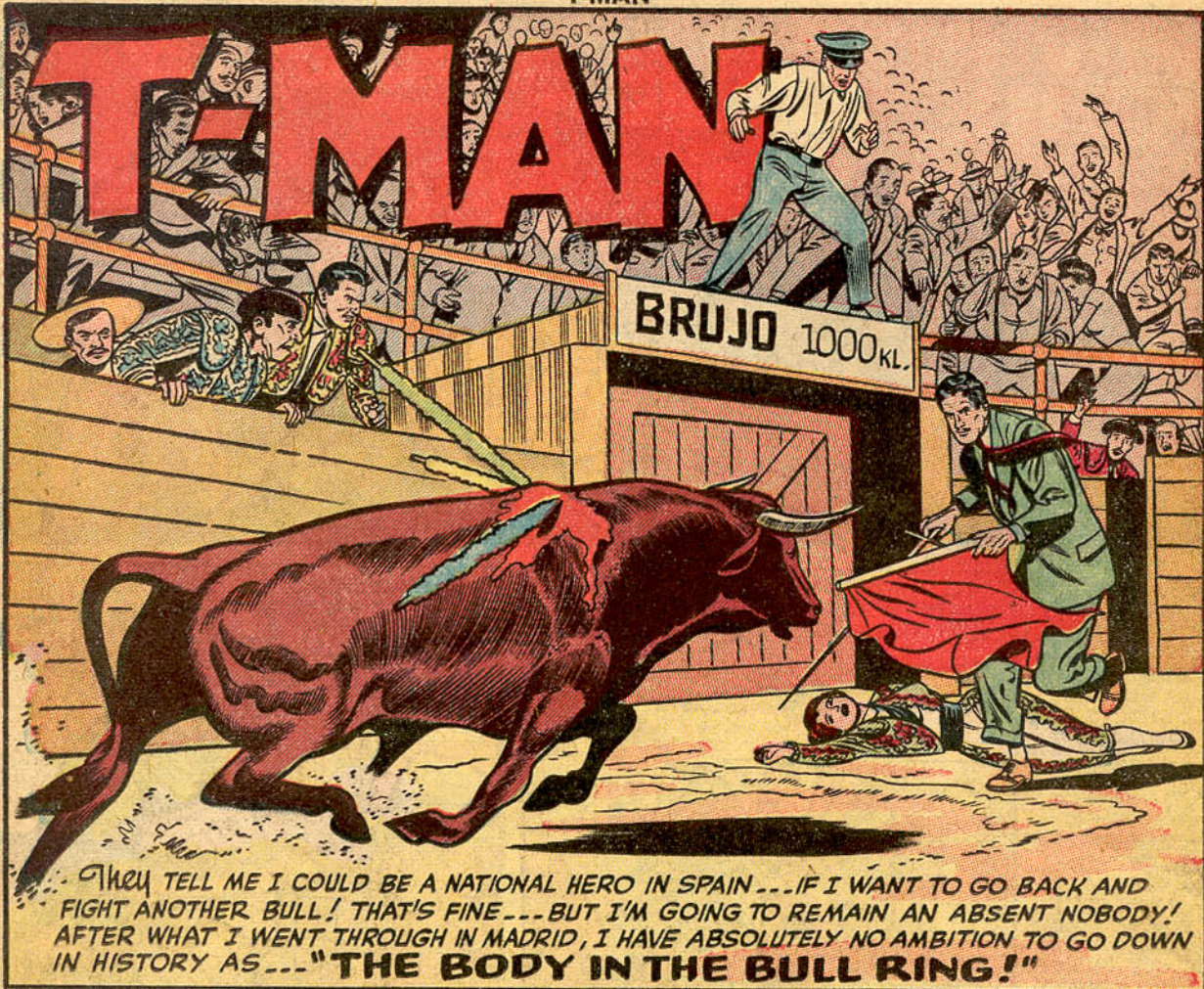


WAXEY GORDON RULED WITH TERROR! REPUTABLE POLICE OFFICIALS HAVE STATED THAT HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR A NUMBER OF CRIMES AND OTHER ACTS OF VIOLENCE! TREASURY SECRETARY JOHN. W. SNYDER HAS SAID:

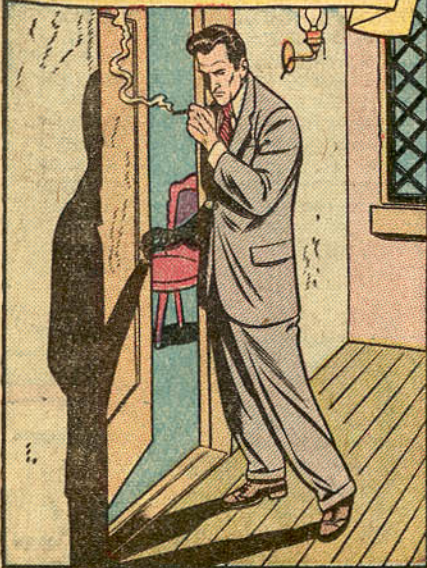
I CANNOT PRAISE TOO HIGHLY THE WORK OF THE FEDERAL NARCOTICS AGENTS AND THE SPLENDID CO-OPERATION OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT IN THIS INVESTIGATION!

LIKE ALL WHO FOLLOW A CRIMINAL CAREER, WAXEY GORDON WILL PAY FOR HIS LIFE OF CRIME!

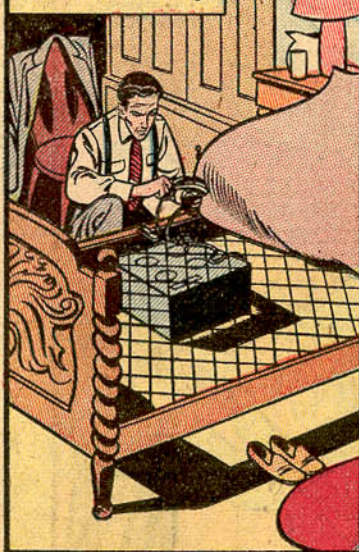




EL CAUDILO FRANCO OF SPAIN LIKES AMERICAN DOLLARS BUT NOT AMERICAN T-MEN...SO WILLY ALVAREZ, OUR MADRID AGENT, WORKED PRETTY MUCH UNDER COVER!

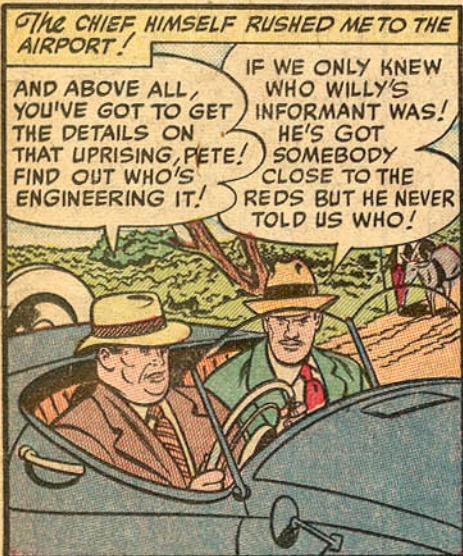


AROUND HIS APARTMENT ON CALLE DE ALCALDA, WILLY WAS KNOWN AS GUILLERMO ALVAREZ, A BROKER OF SPANISH CORK AND A FAST HOMBRE WITH THE SENORITAS!



T-7 TO HQ! MY INFORMANT GIVES ME IMPORTANT NEWS! THERE IS TO BE AN UPRISING NEXT WEEK! I NEED PETE TRASK AT ONCE!

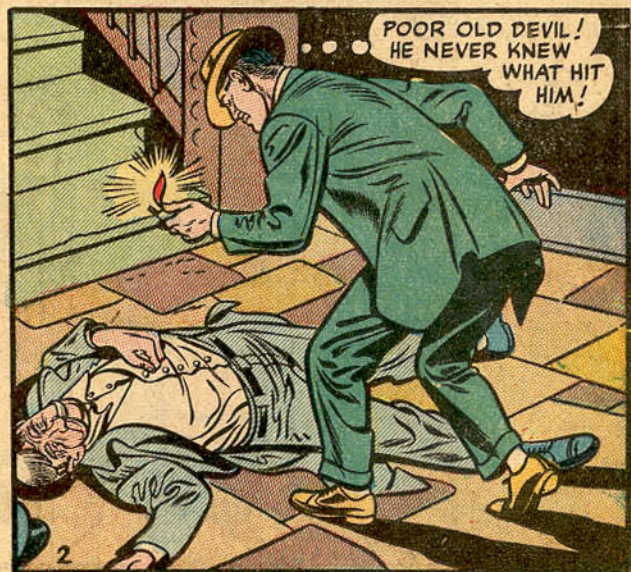




IN MADRID ALL DOORS ARE LOCKED AT ELEVEN! TO GET IN OR OUT, YOU HAVE TO CLAP FOR THE SERENO, THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN WHO CARRIES THE KEYS! AT WILLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING---



I STUMBLED OVER SOMETHING AND LIT A MATCH! THEN I KNEW WHY THE SERENO HADN'T ANSWERED MY CALLS! HE WAS THROUGH ANSWERING ANY CALLS!



I LIT ONE OF THE TAPERS SERENOS HAND OUT FOR USE IN DARK HALLWAYS!

THIS'LL MAKE ME A BEAUTIFUL TARGET, BUT IT CAN'T BE HELPED! I'VE GOT TO FIND WILLY'S APARTMENT!



ONCE I COULD SWEAR I HEARD A FURTIVE MOVEMENT BEHIND ME---

MUST BE MICE---OR THE GENTLE PITTER-PATTER OF MY TREMBLING GOOSE-PIMPLES!



I FOUND WILLY'S APARTMENT ON THE THIRD FLOOR! THE DOOR WAS OPEN A CRACK--- JUST FAR ENOUGH TO SHOW ME WILLY'S DEAD BODY!

THE DIRTY, MURDERING SCUM! I CAN HEAR SOMEONE IN THERE NOW!



GET 'EM UP, YOU BUZZARDS! RAPIDAMENTE!

AWRRK!



SHED YOUR GUNS, YOU RATS! I'M GOING TO HAND YOU THE--- ULP!

USTED PERDONE, SENOR! I THINK YOU WILL DO NOTHING!



LIKE A CHUMP, I'D BARGED IN WITHOUT CHECKING BEHIND THE DOOR!

YOU WILL DO NOTHING, AMIGO, BUT JOIN YOUR FRIEND IN DEATH!

RAFAEL CARLEROS! I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURE IN OUR SCUM FILE, BUSTER! UNCLE JOE'S HATCHET MAN!



I LOOKED INTO CARLEROS' COLD, DEADLY EYES--- AND THEN I LOOKED PAST HIM, INTO THE DARK HALL!

DON'T SLUG HIM TOO HARD! I WANT TO WORK HIM OVER MYSELF!

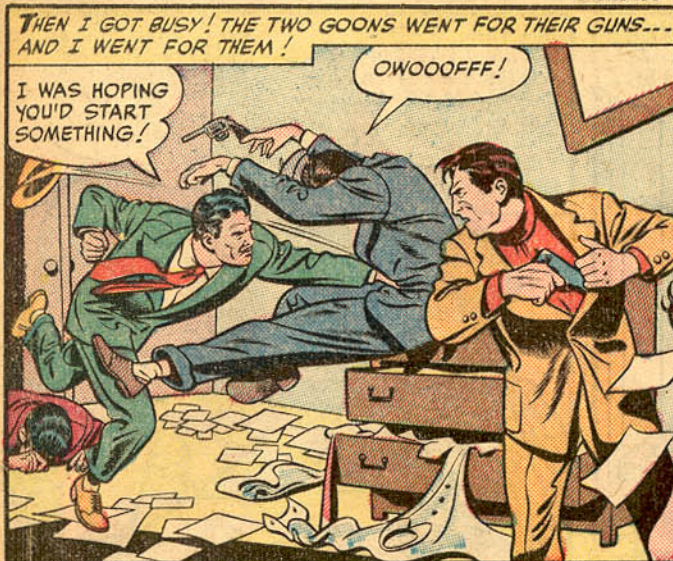
YOU DISAPPOINT ME, SENOR TRASK! DO YOU THINK I WILL FALL FOR SUCH AN OLD TRICK AND TURN MY HEAD?

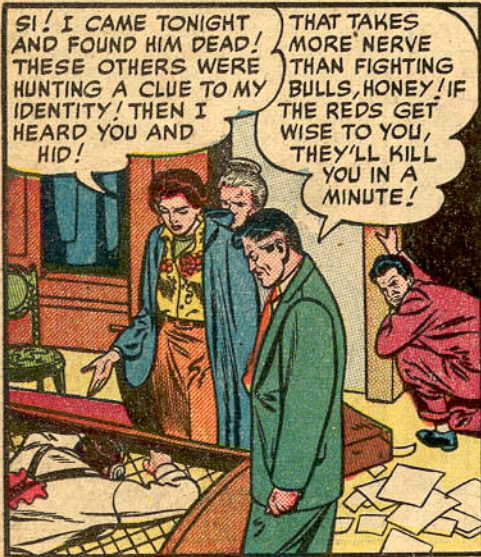


SUIT YOURSELF, CHUM --- BUT YOU'LL FALL!

AGHHH!







It WASN'T MY NIGHT TO TO BE ON MY TOES! THE FIRST I KNEW WAS A SCREAM FROM THE DUENNA AND THE SLAM OF THE DOOR!



T-MAN

I HUNG AROUND UNTIL I SAW THE POLICE PICK UP THE TWO THUGS! THEN I PHONED THE CHIEF IN LISBON!

STAY UNDER COVER, PETE! YOUR BADGE WON'T BUY YOU ANYTHING BUT TROUBLE THERE! LET THE GIRL HANDLE IT HER WAY!

OKAY, BUT IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THAT KID, I'LL TEAR THIS TOWN APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!

CARLEROS WAS A FUGITIVE, HUNTED BY SPANISH AGENTS AND POLICE! THERE WASN'T MUCH I COULD DO BUT WAIT AND WORRY!

VALENCITA LA MARVILLOSA PLAZA DE TOROS

SHE'LL BE SURROUNDED BY FRIENDS AND HELPERS GETTING HER READY FOR THE FIGHT! CARLEROS COULD NEVER GET TO HER!

AFTER LUNCH I JOINED THE CROWDS HEADING FOR THE BULL RING PLAZA!

THEY'LL TRY TO KILL HER AS AN EXAMPLE AND TO KEEP HER FROM TESTIFYING ABOUT THEIR PLOTS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT!

VALENCITA, YOU'RE OKAY? EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT?

BUT OF COURSE, SEÑOR PETE! I TOLD YOU I WOULD BE SAFE UNTIL AFTER MY FIGHT! THEN I WILL BE FREE TO LEAVE WITH YOU!

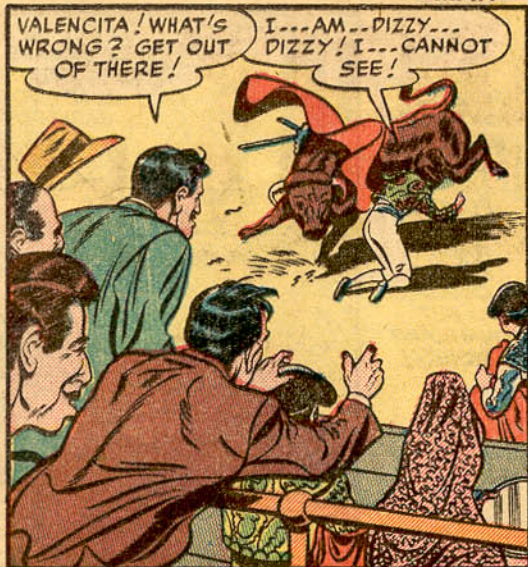
I'M NO AFICIONADO... NO BULL-FIGHT FAN... BUT THE PAGEANTRY WAS THRILLING! STILL, I SPENT MY TIME WATCHING FOR CARLEROS!

THE FIRST BULL IS MINE! NOW WATCH HOW I WORK HIM WITH VERONICAS AND FINISH HIM WITH A TRUE MANOLETINA!

I'D RATHER WATCH YOU CLIMB INTO AN AIRPLANE AND SCRAM TO BLAZES OUT OF THIS COUNTRY!

TORO! HAH, TOROOO!

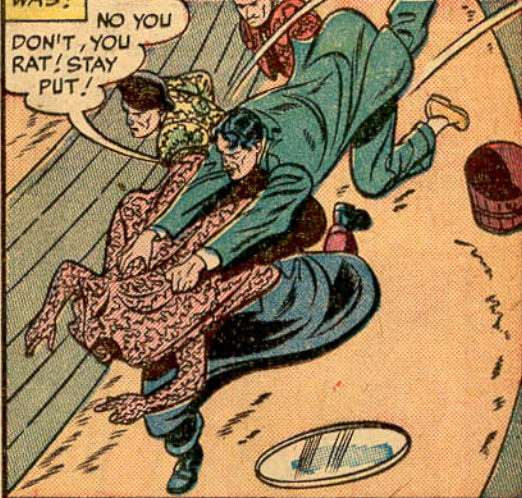
SHE EXECUTED A SUPERB PASS... AND THEN SUDDENLY SHE BEGAN TO SWAY DIZZILY! HER KNEES GAVE WAY!



VALENCITA! WHAT'S WRONG? GET OUT OF THERE!

I---AM---DIZZY... DIZZY! I---CANNOT SEE!

And THEN SUDDENLY I KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED... AND I KNEW WHERE CARLEROS WAS!



NO YOU DON'T, YOU RAT! STAY PUT!



YOU GOT HER DUENA OUT OF THE WAY SO YOU COULD GIVE HER DRUGGED WINE!

FILTHY... CAPITALIST... ARGHHH!



I RAN OUT WAVING THAT SILLY MULETA CAPE--- AND THE BULL TURNED HIS WRATH ON ME!

YEA-YEA-YEA! YOU CAN'T CATCH ME, YOU BIG OX!



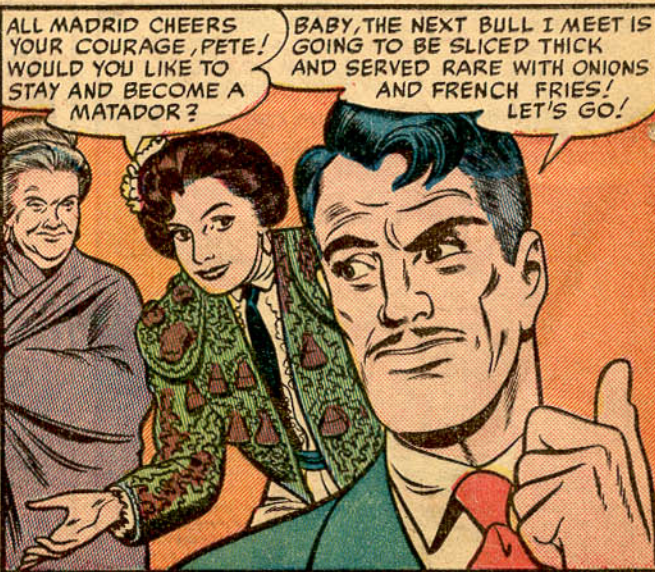
THE RAZOR-SHARP HORN JUST MISSED ME... BUT THAT MASSIVE SHOULDER SLAMMED ME LIKE A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE... AND I BLACKED OUT!



WHEN I OPENED MY EYES, I THOUGHT I'D BEEN KNOCKED CLEAR TO HEAVEN!

OOO, MY HEAD! YOU'RE OKAY, HONEY? AND YOUR DUENNA?

SI! SHE WAS TIED UP AND VERY ANGRY! THE POLICE HAVE CARLEROS AND MY COMPADRES SAVED YOU FROM THE BULL!



ALL MADRID CHEERS YOUR COURAGE, PETE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO STAY AND BECOME A MATADOR?

BABY, THE NEXT BULL I MEET IS GOING TO BE SLICED THICK AND SERVED RARE WITH ONIONS AND FRENCH FRIES! LET'S GO!

THE ORIGINAL **CANDY** COMIC BOOK
FILLED WITH ROLICKING MIRTH AND LAUGHTER
OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE TEEN-AGE GIRL!

ASK YOUR NEWS-DEALER TO RESERVE A **LAUGH-PACKED**
COPY FOR YOU!

QUALITY
COMICS

THE MOST DYNAMIC MAGAZINES ON THE NEWSSTANDS!

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON THE COVER  FOR THE BEST IN READING ENTERTAINMENT.

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Of T-MAN, published bi-monthly at Meriden, Conn. for October 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Alfred Grenet, 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Richard E. Arnold, 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazines, 578 Summer St., Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of Sept. 1951. (Signed) LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public. (My commission expires April 1, 1954.)

Smuggler's Eye

T-MAN JACK NEVERS sat at attention across the desk from his Chief who was speaking to him in a grim, matter of fact manner. "Nevers, first I want you to read this cablegram," he said, "and then I'll give you the facts."

Nevers took the proffered message and read as follows:

**COUNT SELKI SAILING S.S. VICEROY.
SURE INDIGO STAR IN HIS POSSES-
SION BUT NO TRACE. AM ABOARD
WITH HIM. PREPARE FOR THOROUGH
SEARCH AT PORT OF ENTRY.**

REED.

"Sounds like a smuggling deal, Chief. What's the dope on it?" asked Nevers.

"It's more than that," the Chief replied gravely. "The Indigo Star is a brilliant blue diamond that was stolen from a famous collection during the war. Nothing had been heard of it since until just recently when we got a tip-off that it was going to be smuggled into this country."

"But, Chief," exclaimed Nevers, "it doesn't make sense. If anyone tried to sell it here, it would be spotted immediately."

"That is exactly the point," answered the Chief. "It can't be sold as it is but it can be broken up into smaller stones and someone could realize a handsome profit. That's why it's so important that we intercept it before anyone has a chance to destroy the Indigo Star. It can never be replaced."

"What do we know about this Count Selki?" queried Nevers.

"Virtually nothing," growled the Chief. "He seems to have no record and, since he comes from one of the Iron Curtain countries, we can find out very little about him. Reed has been on his tail for weeks and will watch him until he is within our jurisdiction. It will be up to you and Reed to find the diamond when he clears customs."

Nevers stood waiting at the pier, watching the big liner being brought to dock. As the crew lowered the gangplank, he took a position where he could watch the disembarking passengers. He wanted to give the Count no chance to make contact with anyone on dock. As the passengers started down the gangplank,

he suddenly spotted Reed, signalling and pointing to a small, neat, dapper appearing man ahead of him. That must be the Count.

Following him closely, Nevers kept a sharp watch as he went to his customs station and had his baggage checked through. Apparently, so far, the Count was in the clear. There seemed to be nothing wrong.

As the Count prepared to leave, Nevers approached him. "Count Selki," he said, "I'm sorry I must detain you for further examination. But we have information that you are attempting to smuggle in the Indigo Star."

"But this is preposterous," sputtered the Count. "I have declared everything and passed your customs and their examination. But if there is anything I can do to correct this regrettable misinformation, I shall co-operate."

Throughout the examination that followed, the Count was helpful and self-assured. They examined his trunk and other luggage with expert thoroughness. Certainly there were no false bottoms or any other artifice commonly used by smugglers. They had squeezed out his toothpaste tube, dumped his shaving talcum and even exposed film that he had with him. But there was no trace of the diamond. The Count had not even objected when they asked him to strip and stand before the fluoroscope to determine whether he had secreted it in his body.

Reed watched the proceedings rather dejectedly and then turned to Nevers. "Well," he sighed, "it looks as if I've pulled a real boner on this job. I was sure he had it with him."

"You were right, Reed," answered Nevers. "He does have it with him and now I know where it is. Count, I want your left eye."

"Gosh, Nevers," remarked Reed a few minutes later, "you sure saved me from being a chump. Who would ever have thought he had the diamond hidden in a glass eye? I still can't figure out how you found it."

"Well, I noticed one thing as we were examining him," explained Nevers. "He always looked me straight in the eye. When I moved across the room, he always turned his head. Always looked straight at me. His head turned and not his eyes. Then I realized that he had a glass eye and it was the only thing we hadn't searched. I guess I've just got an eye for smugglers."

"Yeah," grinned Reed. "You've got more than that. You've even got the smuggler's eye."

T-MAN

UNCLE SAM DIDN'T WANT RAZIB SAKAK LOUSING UP OUR BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY ANY LONGER! NEITHER DID THE U.S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT... BUT WE **DID** WANT MAYBE \$200,000 IN UNPAID INCOME TAXES ON A FABULOUS HORDE OF LOOT! SO, AS USUAL, LI'L OL' PETE TRASK, THE POOR MAN'S SHERLOCK HOLMES, GOT THE DIRTY JOB OF DIGGING THE DOUGH! IT WASN'T AS SIMPLE AS IT SOUNDED! ON MY SIDE, ALL I HAD WAS AMERICA, THE U.S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT AND MY TWO FISTS! RAZIB SAKAK HAD ALL THE MYSTERIOUS, MURDEROUS MIGHT AND POWER OF...

The SCIMITAR OF ALI MUSTA!



*This STORY BEGINS
IN A U.S. DISTRICT COURT ROOM!*

RAZIB SAKAK, ALIAS ROSEY THE RUBE, YOU ARE A TURKISH CITIZEN! THEREFORE, YOU ARE ORDERED DEPORTED TO TURKEY AS AN UNDESIRABLE ALIEN!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME! I'M AN AMERICAN!



THERE'S YOUR BOY, PETE! HE'S TOUGH AND NASTY! WE'D BURN HIM FOR A DOZEN MURDERS IF WE COULD GET ENOUGH EVIDENCE!

MAYBE I CAN FIND THAT, ALONG WITH HIS MISSING LOOT, CHIEF! I'D HATE TO INFLICT A LOUSE LIKE THAT ON A COUNTRY LIKE TURKEY!

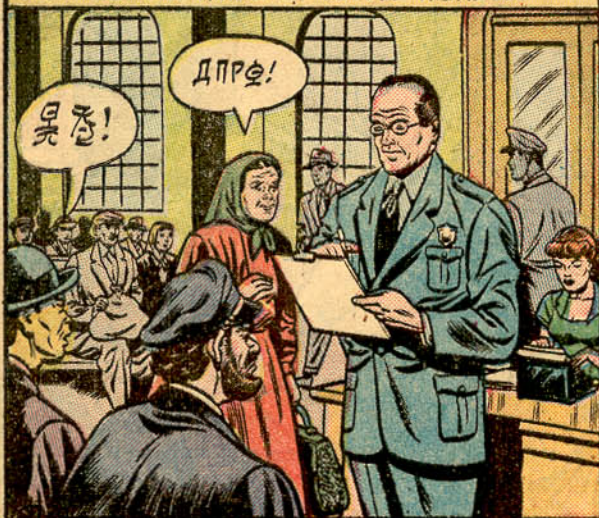


YOU STICK TO YOUR JOB, PETE! WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING LAID OUT FOR A QUICK AND EASY FINISH!

YEAH? ANYTIME A CASE LOOKS EASY, I KNOW MY NECK IS DUE FOR TROUBLE! AND THIS LOOKS TOO EASY!



ELLIS ISLAND, U.S.A., IS QUITE A PLACE! YOU CAN MEET ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE THERE...



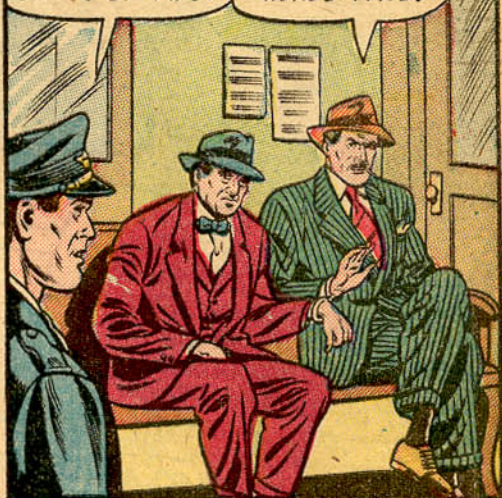
吳卷!

ДПРЭ!

...INCLUDING SOME OF THE NASTIEST, LIKE "ROSIE" SAKAK... AND SOME OF THE NICEST, LIKE ME!

ON YOUR FEET, YOU TWO! YOUR SHIP IS LOADING!

AW, GO POP YOUR BUBBLEGUM, HORSE-FACE!



TRY TO RAILROAD ME OUT OF THE COUNTRY, WILL YOU? I'LL FIX YOU

OOFF! HELP! GUARDS!



CRAZY FOOL! YOU ALMOST BREAK MY WRIST!

SO WHAT? THESE JUGHEADS AIN'T GONNA JOB PETE TRASK WITHOUT KNOWIN' THEY HAD A HANDFUL!

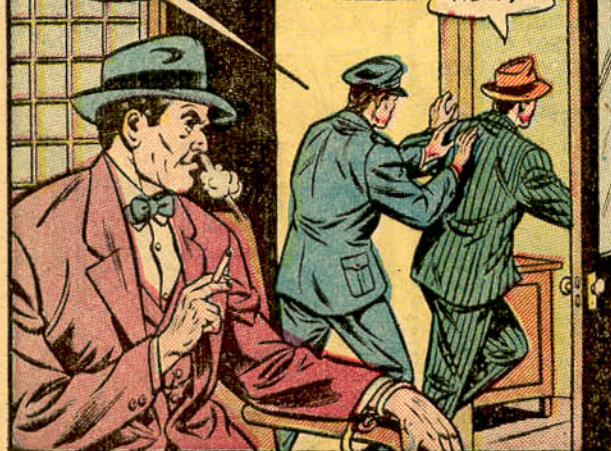


TAKE HIM TO MY OFFICE FOR A SEARCH! I'M POSITIVE I FELT A GUN ON HIM WHEN HE JUMPED ME! I'LL LOCK RAZIB SAKAK HERE!



INSIDE, TOUGH GUY! WE CAN HANDLE YOUR KIND ANY DAY!

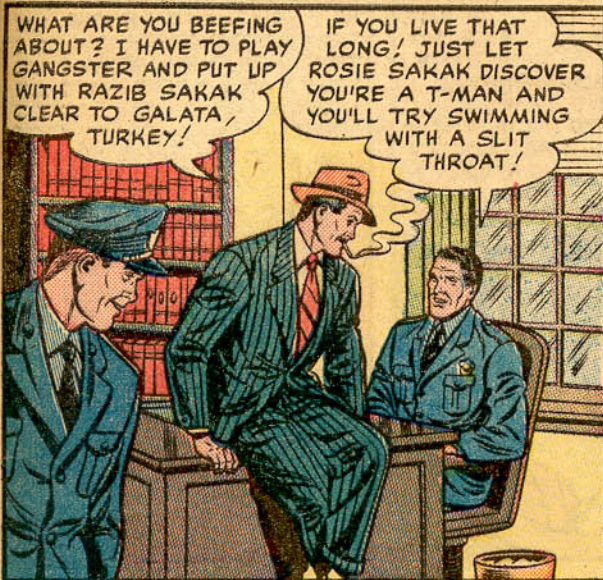
YEAH? NOT BY YOURSELF YOU CAN'T, BLUBBERMOUTH! COME ON TO TURKEY SOME DAY AND MAKE ME A VISIT!



THANKS! HOPE I DIDN'T SLUG YOU TOO HARD, SAM! I HAD TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!

I'LL LIVE... BUT THERE MUST BE EASIER WAYS TO MAKE A LIVING, PETE! AND MORE COMFORTABLE WAYS TO CONTACT A SECRET AGENT!





WHEN YOU'RE DEPORTED, YOU CAN HAVE ANY ACCOMMODATIONS YOU'RE ABLE TO PAY FOR! RAZIB AND I HAD ADJOINING STATEROOMS --- AND HE DIDN'T LIKE IT!





I NEVER SAID I WAS A TURK, DOPEY! I WAS BORN IN BROOLYN, BUT I GRABBED TURKISH CITIZENSHIP ONCE TO GET OUT OF A JAM!

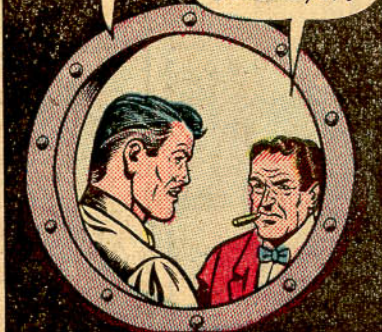
WHAT DO YOU WANT? WITH ALL MY CONTACTS, I NEVER HEARD OF ONE NAMED TRASK! EVERYONE HAS HEARD OF ME!

THAT PROVES YOU'RE DUMB! I PLAYED IT QUIET AND MADE DOUGH! WHEN MY MONEY GETS TO TURKEY, I'LL REALLY PAINT THINGS RED!

AHH? YOU HAVE MONEY BEING SENT TO YOU? BUT THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT WILL NOT LET US HAVE IT? YOU HAVE A SCHEME, EY?

WHY, YOU TWO-BIT SNEAK! SO THAT'S YOUR GAME, HUH? TRYING TO PUMP ME, ARE YOU? MAYBE YOU'RE A STOOLIE FOR THE FEDS YOURSELF!

GUGG! NO... NO! LET ME GO, FOOL!



YOU HAVE ME WRONG! I, TOO, HAVE THE PROBLEM OF GETTING MY FORTUNE TO TURKEY! WE MUST BE FRIENDS, HELP EACH OTHER!

I DON'T NEED HELP, BLUBBERPUSS! AND DOUGH IS THE ONLY FRIEND I'VE GOT! BEAT IT! I'VE GOT TO DRESS!

I HAD RAZIB WHERE I WANTED HIM... ON THE DEFENSIVE AND COMING TO ME! THE REST OF THE VOYAGE I GAVE HIM THE COLD SHOULDER!



OH, MR. TRASK, YOU SAY THE CUTEST THINGS!

I HAVE THE CUTEST THING TO SAY THEM TO, BABY! LET'S GO FOR A STROLL ON DECK!

By THE TIME WE LANDED AT GALATA, THE SINK-HOLE OF TURKEY, MY FRIEND RAZIB SAKAK WAS FIT TO BE TIED!

PLEASE, EFFENDI! WILL YOU JOIN ME OVER A GLASS OF ARRACK? I HAVE PLANS THAT CAN MAKE US BOTH A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY!

MONEY? NOW YOU'RE TALKING MY LANGUAGE, CHUM! LEAD ON!



At THE CAFE OF THE PURPLE POMEGRANATE, RAZIB STARTED TO TAKE HIS HAIR DOWN! MY NERVES TINGLED! THE PAYOFF WAS COMING!

...SO I WILL PAY \$25,000 IF YOU WILL HELP ME GET MY MONEY OUT OF THE UNITED STATES, MY FRIEND!

IT'S A DEAL, BUSTER! TELL ME WHERE IT IS AND I'LL START THE BALL ROLLING RIGHT AWAY!



FIRST TELL ME YOUR PLAN! I MUST KNOW THIS IS NOT A TRICK!

EASY! I SET UP A DUMMY RELIEF ORGANIZATION BEFORE I LEFT! THEY'LL BUY A SHIPLOAD OF FOOD AND CLOTHING WITH THE MONEY!



THE GOVERNMENT WON'T STOP RELIEF SUPPLIES! WHEN IT GETS HERE, I'LL SELL TO THE BLACK MARKET AT A PROFIT!

VELLAHI AJAIB! TRULY IT HAS THE GENIUS OF SIMPLICITY! YOU AND I, WE CAN OWN THIS COUNTRY WITH SUCH BRAINS!



MY WEALTH IS IN A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX IN THE BANTON BANK OF NEW YORK, UNDER THE NAME OF ISAAC GATES! I WILL GIVE YOU THE KEY...

GOOD EVENING, RAZIB SAKAK! I SEE YOU ARE PLAYING THE FOOL, AS ALWAYS!



WHA...? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME IS URZA... AND THIS MAN IS TRASK, A U.S. T-MAN! YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN WISER NOT TO TRY TO CHEAT THE SCIMITAR!

I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING... BUT THE MONKEYS WHO WERE CLOSING IN ON ME!

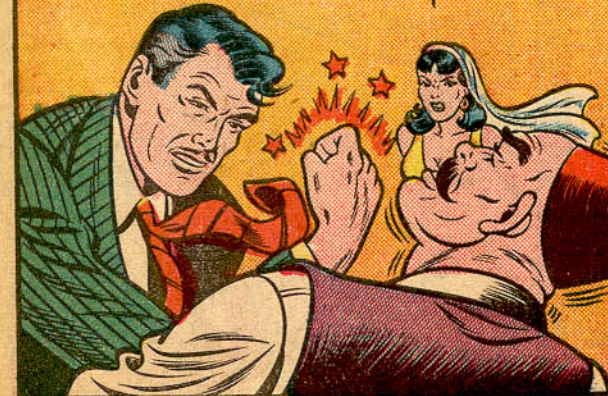
A T-MAN? AND YOU... YOU ARE FROM THE SCIMITAR OF ALI MUSTA?

I'M FROM PEORIA MYSELF! SHALL WE DANCE?

THEY SAY THE BEST DEFENSE IS A GOOD OFFENSE... AND I GOT AS OFFENSIVE AS I COULD!

CARE TO SIT THIS ONE OUT, HONEY?

KILL HIM, QUIETLY! CLOSE IN, FOOLS!





KILL HIM!
THROW YOUR
KNIVES,
IDIOTS!

I MAKE A MOTION
WE TABLE THAT
NOTION, BABY!



I HAD WHAT I'D COME TO
TURKEY FOR! NOW ALL I WANTED
WAS OUT!

I'M LEAVING...
UNLESS SOME-
BODY'D CARE TO
ARGUE THE POINT
WITH THIS WALTHER
AUTOMATIC!

W-WAIT,
TRASK!
TAKE ME
WITH
YOU!



TH-THEY'LL
TORTURE ME...
KILL ME! YOU
DON'T KNOW
THE SCIMITAR
OF ALI MUSTA!

BUT I'M
ANXIOUS TO,
CHUM! YOU CAN
TELL ME ALL
ABOUT IT WHEN
WE GET OUT-
SIDE!



YOU MEAN *IF* YOU
GET OUTSIDE,
EFFENDI TRASK!

YIIII!

WHAT A
BONEHEAD
PLAY I'D
PULLED!
I TRIED TO
FIGHT AS
I WAS
LUGGED
DOWN A
DAMP
STONE
PASSAGE!
THEN THE
LIGHTS
WENT
OUT FOR
PETE
TRASK...
BUT
GOOD!



LOOK, YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND! I
WAS ONLY TRYING
TO LEARN HIS
SCHEME...!

BE STILL, DOG! THERE
WILL BE TIME TO
DISCOVER WHAT IT
MEANS TO DEFEY
THE SCIMITAR!



CAME TO
IN A
SHORT
TIME
BUT IT
SEEMED
SMARTER
TO KEEP
QUIET
UNTIL
I KNEW
WHAT
WAS
UP!

DON'T HURT ME! I'LL
TELL YOU WHERE THE
MONEY IS! THE
SCIMITAR CAN HAVE
IT ALL! PLEASE,
ALI MUSTA...

WE KNOW WHERE IT IS,
DOG! URZA OVER-
HEARD YOUR BABBLING
TONGUE WHEN YOU
TOLD THE T-MAN!



YOU CONTACTED THE
SCIMITAR AND OFFERED
US HALF TO GET YOUR
MONEY TO TURKEY!
THEN YOU TRIED TO
DOUBLE-CROSS US!
YOU MUST PAY!

NO...WAIT! I
TH-THOUGHT
THE SCIMITAR
WAS JUST A
GANG! I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU WERE
A COMMUNIST
TERROR GROUP!

I FIGURED I'D HEARD ENOUGH!

DON'T LET 'EM
KID YOU, RAZIB!
IT'S STILL A
GANG, ONLY
DUMBER AND
ROTTENER
THAN YOUR
KIND!

EYYY!



OOPS!

ARGHH!



STRIKE,
STRIKE,
IMBECILE!

ONE MORE STRIKE
AND YOU'RE OUT,
PAL!



SEE WHAT
I MEAN?

EEEEK!



NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY! NO FAIR
SNEAKING UP BEHIND ME!

AGHHH!



THIS OUGHT TO BRING THE TURKISH
POLICE, KIDS... AND YOU KNOW HOW
THEY LOVE COMMIES! LOOK
WHAT THEY'RE DOING
IN KOREA!

CRASH!

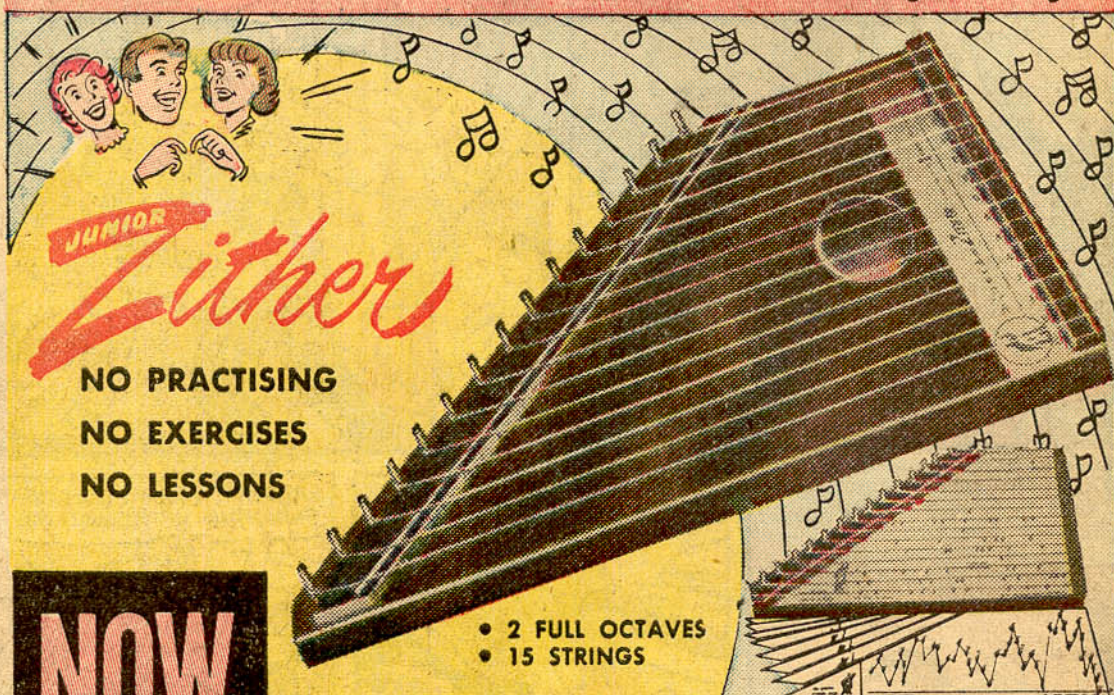


Then
IT WAS
ALL
OVER...
EXCEPT
A PART-
ING SHOT
TO GIVE
ALI
MUSTA
SOME-
THING TO
THINK
ABOUT
IN
JAIL!

JUST THINK, ALI MUSTA... WE'LL USE
RAZIB'S MONEY TO FIGHT COMMUNISM
IN AMERICA! WON'T THAT MAKE
YOUR BOSSES HAPPY!



BE POPULAR! *You'll play instantly the FIRST TIME you try!*



**NO PRACTISING
NO EXERCISES
NO LESSONS**

**NOW
YOU**

*...without knowing a note
...can play any
popular song
instantly!*

- 2 FULL OCTAVES
- 15 STRINGS

JUST FOLLOW THE AUTOMATIC NOTE SELECTOR

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